

Jon Thomas Rowland

woman, one gay and one straight, smoking in shorts and T-shirts, the hot sunlight gleaming on the cars, the humid air scented with tobacco, gasoline, wax and Gladys's heavy "Breeze of Lesbos" perfume. I liked them. Adam said Gladys and Babs were both great people. They just needed help. At other times he referred to them as cunt and clown. I preferred Adam.

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I thought Adam bonded too much with Gladys. He always acted differently around her. Maybe he couldn't accept that Gladys was a dyke, or maybe he felt he had to prove he wasn't a fag. Not that he didn't cruise at other times. He just did it more vigorously with her. As someone said of Lady Macbeth, I thought "the lady" protested too much.

I thought at other times he really hated Gladys, or at least despised her. The sexist jokes were the lowest expression of his disregard. He referred to Gladys as a "diesel dyke," a "pussy bumper." That was before they knew that I was gay, but that wouldn't have made any difference. Adam despised Gladys for her delusional business schemes, her meanness, her hypocrisy, her incompetence at work, her unhappiness at home -- only a partial list.

I would have felt sorry for Gladys but she didn't have any consideration for me at all. She once asked me all of a